

# The Sunbury American.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 10, NO. 34.

SUNBURY, NORTHUMBERLAND COUNTY, PA.—SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1857.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 18, NO. 8.

## The Sunbury American.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY H. B. MASSEK.

Market Square, Sunbury, Penna.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

TWO DOLLARS per annum, to be paid half yearly in advance. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid.

All communications or letters on business relating to the office, to insure attention, must be POST PAID.

TO CLERKS.

Three copies to one address, 25¢  
Five copies, 40¢  
Ten copies, 75¢  
Twenty copies, 1.50

Five dollars in advance will pay for three years' subscription to the American.

Patrons will please act as our Agents, and frank letters containing subscription money. They are permitted to advertise under the Post Office Law.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, of 12 Lines, 3 times, 25¢  
Every week, 15¢  
Five Squares, 1 month, 50¢  
Six Months, 1.50

Business Cards of Five Lines, per annum, 2.00  
Notices and others, advertising by the year, with the privilege of inserting different advertisements as per agreement.

Larger Advertisements as per agreement.

JOB PRINTING.

We have commenced with our establishment a well equipped JOB OFFICE, which will enable us to execute in the most satisfactory manner, every variety of printing.

H. B. MASSEK, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

SUNBURY, PA.

Business attended to in the Counties of Northumberland, Union, Lycoming, Mifflin and Columbia.

References in Philadelphia:

Wm. J. R. Tyson, Esq., 11th St. & Arch St.  
Sellers & Sanderson, 11th St. & Arch St.

LOCUST MOUNTAIN COLLIERY

SUPERIOR WHITE ASH ANTHRACITE COAL.

From the Mammoth vein, for Furnaces, Foundries, Steamboats and Family use.

DELL, LEWIS & CO., 201 N. 2d St., PHILADELPHIA.

SIZES OF COAL.

LUMP, for Blast Furnaces and Cupolas, STEAMBOAT, for Steamboats, Hot Air Furnaces and Stoves.

BROKEN, for Grates, Stoves and Stacks.

EGG, for Stoves, Steam and burning NUT, for Limes.

FEA, for Limeburners and making Steam.

Orders received at Mt. Carmel or Northumberland Wharf, will receive prompt attention.

M. B. BELL, D. J. LEWIS, WILLIAM MUIR.

May 2, 1856—14

PHILADELPHIA

Wood Bounding Mill.

Buildings suitable for Carpenters, Cabinet and Frame Makers.

Work done in the best and thoroughly seasoned material, always on hand. Any pattern worked from a drawing.

The subscriber having purchased the entire interest, will continue the business with increased facilities.

Agents wanted in the various towns in this portion of the State, to whom opportunities will be offered for large profits to themselves.

SAMUEL B. HENRY, July 18, 1857.—3m

IMMENSE EXCITEMENT!!

Revolution in the Dry Goods Business!!!

J. F. & J. P. KLINE.

Respectfully announce to their friends and the public in general that they have received at their Store in Upper Augusta township, Northumberland County, Pa., at Kline's Grove their Spring and Summer GOODS, and opened to the public a general assortment of merchandise &c.

Consisting in part of Cloths, black and fancy Cassimers, Suitings, Checks, Kentucky Jeans together with a general assortment of Spring and Summer Goods adapted to all classes of persons.

Ready made Clothing, consisting of Coats and Vests.

Ladies Dress Goods.

Summer Silks, Gingham, Lawns, Dacals, Calicoes, Black Silks &c.

Also a fresh supply of Drugs and Medicines, Groceries &c. of all kinds.

A new supply of Hardware, Queensware, wooden ware Brooms &c.

A large assortment of Boots and Shoes suitable for men women and children.

HATS AND CAPS.

School Books, Stationery, Envelopes, Ink, &c.

And all goods usually kept in a country store. Come and see. Come one, come all.

The public are respectfully invited to call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

All of the above named stock of goods will be sold positively at low prices for cash, or in exchange for country produce at the highest market price.

Thankful for past favors we hope by strict attention to business to merit a continuance of the same.

Kline's Grove, Pa., May 16, 1857.—14

NEW GOODS.

HOLLOWING RUN.

RESPECTFULLY informs the public that he has replenished his Store with an excellent assortment of New Goods just received from Philadelphia, which he will sell on terms as reasonable as any other establishment. His assortment consists in part of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERS & SATINETT, Winter Wears for men and boys, all styles and prices.

Ladies Dress Goods.

Consisting of Black Silks, Merinos, Alpaca, De Laines, Calicoes, Gingham, Muslins, Trimmings, &c.

Also a fresh supply of GROCERIES of all kinds.

HARDWARE and QUEENWARE.

Cedarware, Brooms, &c. Also a large assortment of Boots and Shoes, suitable for Men Women and Children. Hats and Caps, Silk Hosiery, and all goods usually kept in a Country Store.

All the above named stock of goods will be sold positively at low prices for cash, or in exchange for country produce, at the highest market price.

Hollowing Run, Nov. 29, 1856—14

PATENT WHEEL GREASE.

THIS Grease is recommended to the notice of Wagoners, Livery Stable keepers, &c., as being superior to anything of the kind ever introduced. As it does not gum upon the axles it is much more durable, and is not affected by the weather, remaining the same in summer as in winter, and put up in tin cans at 37 1/2 and 50 cents per can by A. W. FISHER.

March 14, 1857.

## Select Poetry.

### BUILDING ON THE SAND.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to woo, 'tis well to wed,

For so the world has done

Since the first day of the dawn,

And morning brought the sun,

But have a care, ye young and fair—

Be sure ye pledge with truth;

Be certain who ye love and wed,

Beyond the day of youth.

For if you give not heart for heart,

As well as hand for hand,

You'll find you've played the 'unwise'

part,

And 'built upon the sand.'

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have

A goodly store of gold,

And hold enough of shining stuff,

For charity is cold.

But place not all your hopes and trust

In what the deep mine brings;

We cannot live on yellow dust,

Unmixed with purer things.

And he who piles up wealth alone,

Will often have to stand

Beside his coffin chest and own

'Tis 'built upon the sand.'

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,

And smooth whoever we can;

Fair speech should bud the human

mind,

And love link man to man.

But stay not the gentle words,

Let deeds with language dwell;

The one who piles starving birds

Should scatter crumbs as well.

The mercy that is warm and true

Must lend a helping hand,

For those who talk and fail to do

But 'built upon the sand.'

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise,

And smooth whoever we can;

Fair speech should bud the human

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## Select Poetry.

### SHAME!

'Shame!' cried one of the bystanders.

The father did not heed them, but motioned

to a neighbor to take the child in his arms.

He did so.

'Bring me the egg basket,' he spoke very

sternly, almost without opening his teeth, to

the man who stood by.

'What do you want of it?' 'What can you

do with it?' 'He is crazy!' and many such

remarks followed, but the basket was there

in a moment.

He seized one of the eggs, broke it, inserted

his fingers again between the teeth, wrenched

them apart by force, though they shut with

so convulsive a motion as to tear the flesh

from his fingers—and poured the albumen in

the trough. There was a slight struggle, but

nothing more, and the spectators were horri-

fied at the action.

'Don't, the child is dying!' said one.

'Please don't hurt the poor little thing—it

can't live!' the mother found voice to say,

laying her hand upon his arm.

'May, be still,' he answered sternly—

while his teeth never relaxed from their

clenching, and his face was as hard as if he

were entering a battle, and don't any of you

meddle with me—keep off.'

The bystanders involuntarily obeyed, with

many harsh remarks upon his cruelty, but he

did not heed them, and went on. Another

and another was broken, and still there was

no sign of life. Then the whole body of by-

standers broke into a loud murmur, and cries

of 'breathe!' 'Let the child die in peace!'

'He is crazy—take the child from him!' were

heard around him.

He desisted from his efforts for a moment,

and turned with a fierce look which had been

altogether foreign to his nature, but no one

who saw him afterwards forgot it.

'Fools,' he hissed, 'mind your own business,

and leave me to mind the life of my own

child! Try it!' and he went on, emptying egg

after egg down the apparently lifeless throat.

The mother could bear this no longer.

Her first-born was being tortured before her

eyes in its death, and she imploringly flung

herself on her knees before her husband's

feet, who had the moment before arrived.

'O, father, do stop this!' she gasped; 'it

is torturing that poor dying child!'

The grandfather started forward a step to

interfere, for he, too, thought the proceeding

an outrageous one; but he stopped and said,

'Mary, let him alone. The child will die if

he does not go on. It cannot do more than

die if he does. I would not say a word to

him for the world. The child is his; let him

use his pleasure.'

There was a silence then. In a moment

more there was a quiver of the eyelid, a convul-

sive movement of the chest, and the teeth

lost their tension. The father seized his

child, turned her face downward, and the

poison began to flow from her mouth. Again

and again as the retching ceased he repeated

the experiment—the life returning still more

and the face losing its black color every

instant. More than twenty times the albumen

had been administered, and more than

half those times followed by the expulsion of

the poison, when the eyes opened—the father

desisted, and the little sufferer lay just alive

in his arms, exhausted, his little life terribly

shattered, but saved.

There was then the necessity for exertion and

determination was over—when the physician

that had been summoned, and they knew that

darling little Evesleen might live, after many

weeks of a struggle between life and death; when

the relieved friends had acknowledged that

they had wronged her first, when the

beautiful and sorrowful wife had blest him

## A Relic of Olden Times.

Below we give a copy of a letter from Benjamin Franklin to the Rev George Whitefield.

We do not remember to have ever seen it in print before. We regard it as one of the best letters of its distinguished author:

PHILADELPHIA, June 6, 1753.

Sir—I received your kind letter of the second instant, and am glad to hear that you

increase in strength. I hope you will continue

mending, till you recover your former health and fringes. Let me know whether

you still use the cold bath, and what effect it

has.

As to the kindness you mention, I wish it

could have been of more service to you. But

if it had, the only thanks I should desire is

that you would be always equally ready to

serve any other person that may need your

assistance, and so let good offices go round;

for mankind are all of a family.

For my own part, when I am employed in

service, I do not look upon myself as con-

fering favors, but paying debts. I have

received much kindness from men to whom I

shall never have any opportunity of making

the least return, and numberless merits from

God, who is infinitely above being benefitted

by our services. These kindnesses from men,

I can therefore only return on their fellow

men, and can only show my gratitude for

these mercies from God by my readiness to

help His other children, and my brethren.

For I do not think that thanks and compli-

ments, though repeated weekly, can discharge

our real obligations to each other, and much

less those to our Creator. You will see in

this my notion of good works, that I am far

from expecting to merit Heaven by them.

By Heaven we understand a state of happi-

ness, infinite in degree, and eternal in du-

ration. I can do nothing to deserve such

rewards. He that for giving a draught of wa-